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DAVID D. TAYLOR

By H. H. Metcalf.

The good old town of Sanbornton, in the early days of the last century, ranked as the third town in the state, in point of population, Londonderry and Gilmanton only exceeding it in that respect. The town has always been noted for the beauty of its scenery, the excellence of its agriculture, and the sturdy character and marked intelligence of its people.

Among the leading families of the town for several generations have been the Taylors, descendants of Nathan Taylor, born in the town of Stratham in 1696, who settled in Sanbornton, late in life in 1773 with his son, Jonathan, at which time there were only about forty families in town. The descendants of Jonathan were numerous, and their families large, and the name became prominent in the history of the town.

More men named Taylor have represented Sanbornton in the State Legislature than of any other name, and two have sat in the State Senate, one of whom also served in the Governor's Council and as a presidential elector. This latter was Nathan Taylor 2nd, a son of Jonathan 1st, who was prominent in the state militia, serving as division inspector with the rank of brigade major, and who commanded what was known as the "Ringbone Company," composed of mostly Revolutionary soldiers, of whom he was one, having served at Ticonderoga, where he was badly wounded in an Indian ambush, while commanding a scouting party, and in several later campaigns. Another Taylor—Chase, son of Nathan 1st—also did valiant service in the Revolution, commanding a company raised by himself, from Sanbornton and neighboring towns. With this, he arrived at Bennington the evening before the battle, took a conspicuous part in that important engagement and was wounded in the battle.

Jonathan S. Taylor, a descendant in the fourth generation from Nathan 1st, and a son of Jonathan 3rd, who also served in the Revolution and the war of 1812, was an intelligent and successful farmer, who enjoyed the confidence and respect of his townsmen, and twice represented them in the legislature. He married Sarah Rogers and had several daughters and one son, the latter being the youngest of the family, with whose life it is the purpose of this sketch, primarily, to deal.

DAVID DANIEL TAYLOR was born in Sanbornton, October 20, 1849. His middle name was given in honor of an uncle, Daniel Taylor of the wholesale firm of Taylor and Waldron, crockery dealers, Broad and Milk Streets, Boston, who was also an extensive ship owner, and prominent in the business affairs of the city. While attending the district school and the academies at New Hampton and Tilton, in his youth, he was employed more or less, on his father's farm, and took no little interest in agriculture, particularly in stock raising, being especially fond of horses. In 1869, at the age of twenty years, he left home, came to Concord and entered

the employ of Norris and Crockett, wholesale and retail bakers and confectioners, in connection with which business he continued through life. He commenced with a determination to make himself useful to his employers; devoted himself thoroughly to the business; mastered all its details, and came to be relied upon by the firm for his sound judgment and accurate knowledge. Upon the death of George W. Crockett, the junior member, in 1886, he became a member of the firm, although the business continued under the old name. After the death of Mr. Norris the business was incorporated as the Norris Baking Company, Mr. Taylor being the principal stockholder and becoming treasurer and manager, in which position he continued until his death on Monday night, May 17, 1920, after a long and painful illness, in which he bore his suffering with heroic fortitude to the end.

As has been said, Mr. Taylor was interested in agriculture in youth, and so continued for many years, looking after the old home farm in Sanbornton, for some time after his father's decease, where he raised some fine stock, this being a diversion from the cares of business life in Concord. It was this youthful interest that led him in later life to engage for a time in sheep raising in Wyoming, as a member and president of the Pass Creek Ranch Company of that state, in which he was associated with the late Dr. E. H. Foster of Concord. His sound judgment in business affairs led to his election as a director of the First National Bank of Concord, which position he held for nearly a score of years before his death, and to his election, also, as President of the Union Trust Company, formerly the Union Guaranty Savings Bank.

In politics Mr. Taylor was an uncompromising Democrat, standing by the principles of Jefferson and Jackson, "without variableness or shadow of turning." He was a Democrat from conviction, and remained true to his party, whether in victory or defeat, through devotion to its principles whose triumph he believed to be essential to the welfare of the people. He never sought office, and often avoided it, refusing to become a candidate for various positions which he might have attained had he allowed the use of his name. At one time—in 1890—when he was assured that his candidacy would materially strengthen his party's ticket in the county, he reluctantly consented to run for the office of County Commissioner, and was elected along with two other Democrats, one of whom was his long time friend and, later, near neighbor, Hon. Jeremiah A. Clough, whose death preceded his by about a year. To this office he was re-elected, serving four years in all, from 1891 to 1895.

Again, in 1900, he yielded to earnest persuasion, and was named as a candidate for Representative from Ward Six, normally Republican by about 100 majority, but which gave him a majority of 41 votes. Entering the legislature of 1901, he was assigned by Speaker Cyrus H. Little to service on the Judiciary Committee—the most important in the House—of which A. T. Batchelder of Keene was chairman, and several other equally able lawyers were members. This assignment was made partly because of the dearth of Democratic lawyers in the House membership, but none the less because of the sound judgment and recognized ability of Mr. Taylor himself. It may be noted that two other laymen, the late William F. Whitcher of Haverhill and Fred-

erick E. Small of Rochester were members of this committee, and it is safe to say that the three laymen had as much influence in shaping the work of the committee, as any three of the eminent lawyers in the body.

Mr. Taylor was frequently urged to accept a nomination for Mayor and for State Senator, the feeling being that he could readily be elected to either office, despite the decided Republican majority; but he always firmly declined, not from fear of defeat, but rather, as he sometimes said, from fear of election, and his decided aversion to publicity. He has served, however, for many years, since 1898, as a member of the Board of U. S. Jury Commissioners for New Hampshire.

No man in Concord or in Merrimack County had a better knowledge of men, or a sounder judgment in matters political and his counsel and advice were more generally sought by his party, in his ward and city than that of any other; yet his modest, unassuming manner, gave no token of his real influence. For many years, up to the time of his death, he was a member of the Democratic State Committee, and in that capacity, quietly but effectively, served the interests of his party.

Fraternally Mr. Taylor was affiliated with the I. O. O. F., being a member of White Mountain lodge, and Penacook Encampment of Concord. Though not a church member, he was, as long as health permitted, a regular attendant upon and supporter of the services of the South Congregational Church.

June 13, 1878, Mr. Taylor was united in marriage with Minnetta F. Cheney of Concord, who died March 12, 1901. Their son and only child, Dr. Fred B. Taylor, born November 16, 1881, a graduate of Tufts Medical College, class of 1909, survives. He was the physician at the New Hampshire State Prison under the administration of Governor Felker, 1913-15.

Quiet, unassuming, reserved and unostentative though he was, avoiding publicity and the "limelight," few men have exercised a stronger or better influence in the community in which they have lived than did David Daniel Taylor in the city of Concord, whose people sincerely regret his departure and will long cherish the memory of his modest worth and kindly, helpful spirit.

YE BUMBLEBEE

By Albert Annett.

Behold ye bigge, bolde Bumblebee!
How grande he rumbles by!
He seems to jar ye atmosphere,
To hyde ye clovers try;
And everything is filled with feare
Suche majestie to see;
Creation seems to stand in awe
Of ye bigge Bumblebee.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE PERIOD

By George Wilson Jennings.

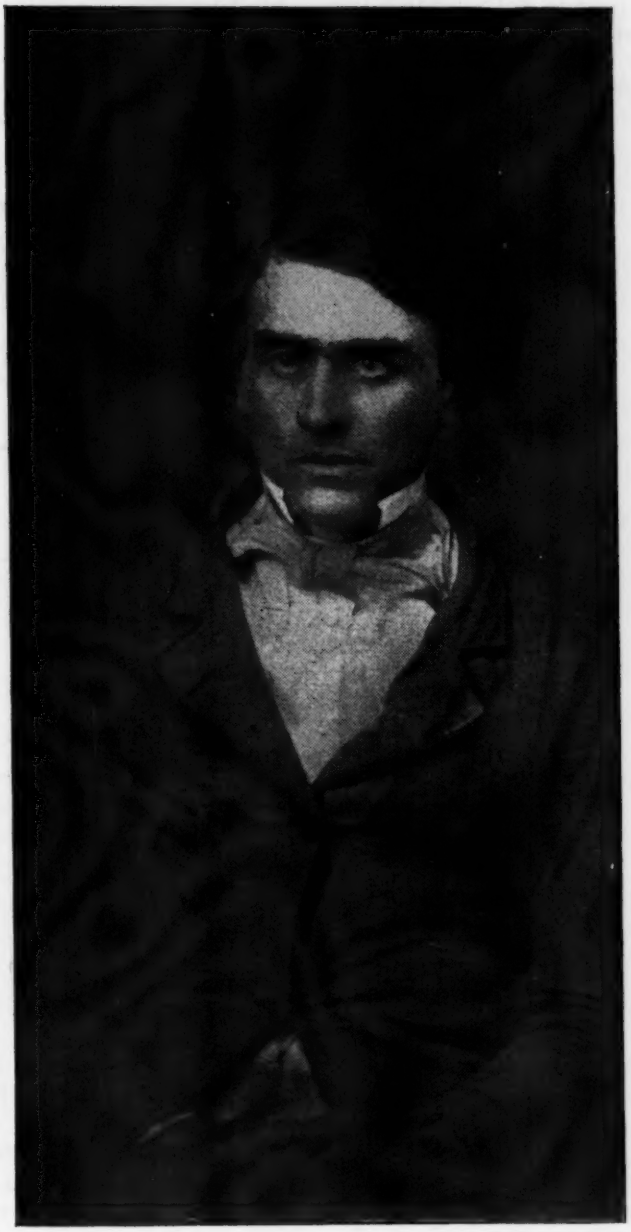
The daguerreotype age is an interesting subject of study at all times, not only to those who delight in the antique, but to every person who is fortunate enough to possess one or more of these unique pictures of his ancestors. Each picture portrays simplicity, and quiet dress, well made, and of the most substantial material that could be procured. Those who had their pictures taken never donned their best attire. They wished to assume a natural pose and not to be seemingly "sitting" for a picture.

One picture here represented is of a girl of twenty whose face bears an expression which resembles a Madonna. This picture was taken by Brady in the early forties, when he was located at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York City. This has been considered his best work and has been copied by many artists as one of the finest types in this art. Here we also illustrate what was called in the early days a "group picture," and which represents a New England beau of 1835 with two lassies who resided in Boston, Mass.

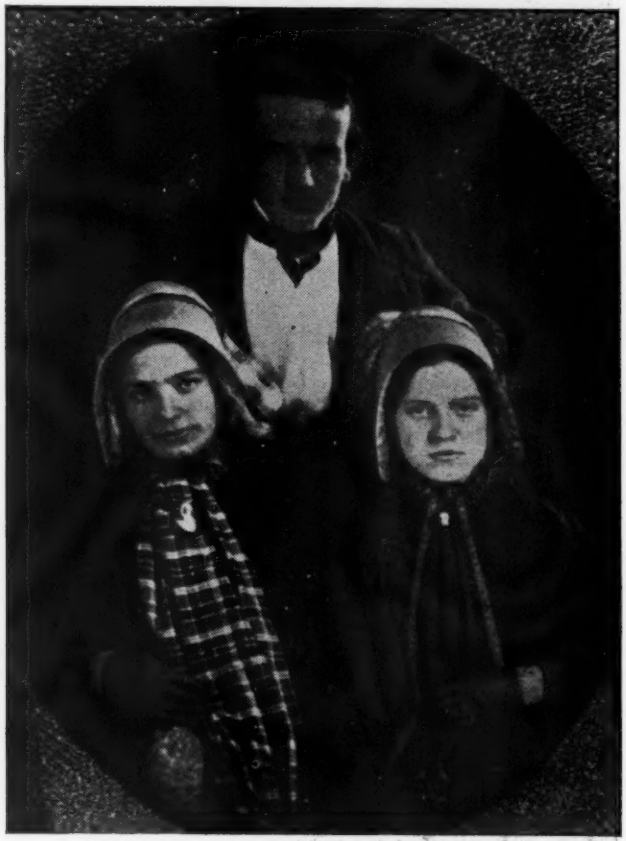
The finest portrait the writer has ever seen, adorns the living room of a colonial home in Durham, New Hampshire. This portrait was copied from a daguerreotype taken of this New England woman in 1835.

In attire severely plain, the picture shows the sheen of the silken gown, a 'kerchief folded about the neck, with a lace cap crowning a wealth of raven hair. This painting one could never forget. Today that serene and thoughtful face looks down from the picture on her great grandchildren, the heirloom being prized as one of the most treasured possessions in their family.

The severe and studious face here shown is that of Ezekiel Webster,



(brother of Daniel Webster), a portrait of him which has never before been published. It was during a sojourn of Mr. Webster's in France in 1837 that he had this picture taken by Daguerre. Years later it was presented to the writer's maternal great grandparent, a friend of Mr. Webster's.



More than a century has passed since the first experiment that amounted to any value was made in trying to reproduce the image of an object, mechanically, by means of ray light. The most serious objections to it were the cost of the plates, which was excessive, and the impracticability of multiplying the reproductions, owing to the opacity of the plates. It was Daguerre, a Frenchman, who gave to the world the result of these researches, and today we have come to consider Daguerre as the real father of photography. Hence the name daguerreotype. This process was perfected in the year 1830, after many years of experimenting, and held sway in England, France and America for more than sixteen years.

This remarkable work of art, the daguerreotype, is thus a link between the past and the present and brings to us a glimpse into days of long ago, which were days of contentment and where the traditional "simple life" was lived in tranquility and in the true meanng of happiness.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By John Kimball Chase.

CHAPTER IV.

HADES

At the close of the second chapter, Washington and the Sagamore stood on the white sand at the end of the broken trail. Washington's keen eyes inspected the white sand. He discovered a little mark in the sand about half way to the brook. This brook was too far away for any man to reach it by a jump from where the trail ended.

Washington went to this brook. He walked down the stream and the banks closely. He found no clue.

He turned and went up the brook. Finally he held up a pole, with an exclamation of triumph.

"I have found it," he said.

It was clear the Sagamore did not understand the pole.

"I forgot that vaulting is not an Indian accomplishment," said Washington, with a laugh. "I will show my red brother."

Washington was a skilled athlete. He stood at the end of the broken trail, placed the end of the pole in the sand by the side of the mark and vaulted, or swung himself by the aid of the pole, easily into the brook.

"It is a new way to break a trail," he said with a laugh. "But you see it can be done easily."

"How did he do it with a baby in his arms?" asked the still puzzled Sagamore.

"He unbuttoned the head of the wolf's skin and tipped it back," replied Washington. "This made a soft, warm pocket for the baby and left his hands free."

"We are not following an Indian," said the Sagamore.

"A white man took the baby," said Washington.

Washington stood on a stone in the middle of the brook and said: "Up stream or down stream, which way did the wolf man go?"

Without hesitation, the Sagamore answered: "The wolf man is very cunning. He placed the pole up the stream and said: 'They will say I tried to fool them and go down stream after me. So I will go up stream.' We will go up stream too."

"Good," said Washington.

They went up the brook quite a distance. They inspected the banks carefully. They saw no trace of the wolf man. Had they taken the wrong direction?

They went on up the brook, into a strange, picturesque pass, or canyon. This is now called the Flume.

"This is a queer place," said the Sagamore. "The Evil Spirit lurks in the dark places among the great rocks."

"It is very uncanny," said Washington. "I do not understand why the wolf man came into this weird pass with the baby."

A few minutes later, Washington said: "There's a path. But it does not look like the trail of the wolf man."

"The path was made by a Paleface," said the Sagamore.

"There are no wolf tracks on it. It is a path from a Paleface camp to the brook for water. We have lost the trail of the wolf man again."

The young men followed the mysterious path until they came in sight of a strange habitation in one of the most desolate places in the world.

"This is surely the home of the Evil Spirit," said the Sagamore, with a superstitious shudder.

A rude hut of logs, the hurried work of a few hours, had been built

at the base of a singular cliff. The upper part of this great rock projected over the log house and sheltered it from mountain storms and blasts.

In some prehistoric epoch, a tremendous convulsion of nature had riven the heart of this great mountain and opened it to the inspection of man. This great wound was jagged and torn. In some places the rough rocks were twisted into fantastic forms, as if still writhing in the great agony of that tremendous convulsion.

The bottom and sides were ragged and torn rock, in the mourning color of dust and ashes. In a few places on the bottom, a scant soil had gathered and produced dust colored mosses and funeral ferns. In the scattering hollows of the crags were stunted black birches, mourning pines and weeping willows.

These dwarfed trees were bent, twisted and gnarled into unnatural and distorted shapes by the mighty blasts and storms of the fierce White mountain winters.

Over dust and ash colored rocks, the mourning waters dripped, trickled and flowed, as dark as the river of Death. These waters gurgled, groaned and murmured, like the ghosts of murdered men.

The human mind cannot picture a more desolate scene. In the apt words of the Bible, it was "The very abomination of desolation."

What human being could have made a home in this hades of desolation? What unutterable crime had driven him from kindred and friends into a situation more helpless and dreadful than any scene in Dante's Inferno?

With the silence of cloud shadows, Washington and the Sagamore glided along the path to this strange habitation. They peered into this house of mystery.

They saw a man whose appearance was so peculiar that it sent a chill to the marrow of their bones. This man held the abducted baby in his arms.

Had Washington and the Sagamore trailed the Evil Spirit of the White mountains to his strange habitation in the desolate heart of the Flume?

CHAPTER V.

MURDER OR MIRACLE?

Washington touched the Sagamore's arm and whispered, "Follow me." He led the way to a large bowlder. They sat down on a stone behind it.

"We need not be very careful," said Washington. "This man is a fool.

"He will not hurt the baby. He is the most innocent and harmless man in the world.

"I want to tell you about him. You must know his story before we make our next move.

"This man is Joseph C. Smith. He came from England. His father was gardener for the Duke of York.

"Joseph married a maiden above him in social rank. This caused so much trouble that he emigrated.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith came to Franconia. He bought a small farm.

"This young couple loved each other very much. 'God is Love.' Love is happiness.

"They were very happy. They worked together, in the field and in the house. They prospered.

"The prattle and laughter of merry children was heard in the beautiful gardens around their happy home."

"One night the buildings burned. Some of the settlers saw the glare and hurried to the scene.

"They found the bodies of the mother and five children. The father's skull was broken badly, but he was not dead.

"They carried the father to Uncle

Johnathan's house and buried the six bodies.

"In the morning, they followed the trail of the Indians, from the ruins toward the north for several miles. They were St. Francis Indians.

"Smith recovered. He had no memory of the past. His reason was gone entirely.

"At the request of other settlers, Uncle Johnathan took charge of Smith's farm and provided for him.

"One day Smith slipped away. Uncle Johnathan tracked him to the Flume and led him back, kindly.

"Smith went to the same place in the Flume several times. Then the settlers built this hut for him. He will not stay any where else.

"Mary has helped him more than any other person. Her faithful care saved his life. She carried food to him and made clothes for him.

"It touched my heart, to see this beautiful gifted girl carry a heavy basket of cooked food through the dangerous wilderness to this unfortunate man. When I am here, I go with her and help her all I can."

"I have carefully examined the old wound on Smith's head. A strong blow with a tomahawk has broken the skull and driven a piece of bone into the brain.

"I have known other cases like this. To instance, John Munro, one of our neighbors, in Virginia, had a similar wound. His reason was restored by an operation.

"I have grave doubts in Smith's case whether an operation would be advisable at present. If his reason should be restored, he would remember the fearful fate of the wife and children he loved so much. His sorrow might be greater than he could bear. It might wake him from quiet sleep and place him in the worst tortures of Hades. Was there ever such a dilemma?"

The Sagamore listened to this strange story with great interest. After a period of deep thought he said:

"When father was Sagamore, a Paleface came to our village. He told father, there was a visitor at Smith's farm with money enough to make all our tribe rich.

"Father disguised some of his worst warriors as St. Francis Indians. They made a long trail towards the north.

"Father did not mean to hurt the white folks. He only meant to take the big money. But things did not go right and he could not control the bad warriors."

"Red Brother, you are honest," said Washington. "I think more highly of you for this frank confession. You are not to blame for what your father did."

"Did Smith steal the baby?" asked the Sagamore, changing the subject.

"No", replied Washington. "This slow, groping imbecile is very different from the strong, swift, crafty wolf man. He must have found the baby in the forest.

"It is no use to ask him about it. It is very hard to make him understand anything. He can not talk in a connected way.

"He has great affection for Mary. But it is not the love of a normal mind. It it more like the affection of an animal for a person who has been very kind.

"I will try to use this affection to induce him to carry the baby home. Now we will go into the hut."

They entered the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. There were two rooms, with comfortable furniture. The comfort and cleanness showed Mary's kind care.

A strange looking man sat in a rocking chair and held a sleeping baby in his arms very tenderly. He rocked slowly, with a soothing sound. He did not hear the mocasined feet of his visitors.

Washington touched the man's

shoulder. He looked up slowly. There was no intelligence or recognition in his dull, inane eyes.

Washington touched his shoulder again and said in a slow, distinct voice: "The baby is Mary's brother. Mary cries for her brother. Take the baby home. Then Mary will laugh with joy."

Washington repeated these words twice. The imbecile was indeed very slow to comprehend. Then, by a great effort, he replied, with one word, "Mary."

Strange and startling were the tones of his voice. He was like a sleeping person, who, by a powerful effort, speaks with an unnatural voice.

The Sagamore felt a thrill of superstitious horror. His mind was filled with thoughts of the fearful murders at the Smith farm. To his excited mind, it seemed as though a dead man had spoken.

The Sagamore remembered what Washington had told him, that Smith's condition was like a dead mind in a living body.

The imbecile rose to a standing position, so slowly and carefully that he did not wake the sleeping baby. He moved slowly toward the door, dragging his feet, as if his mind did not have the power to control his limbs.

"It would take him a long time to grope his way to the Chase farm," said Washington, to the Sagamore. "So I will go ahead. He will follow me. You may follow him and see that everything is all right."

They reached the Chase farmhouse, without any noteworthy incident. The imbecile laid the baby in its cradle as tenderly as a loving mother.

The safe return of the baby gave Mrs. Chase great joy. She thanked and praised the imbecile and gave him the best food in the farmhouse.

While Smith ate, Washington touched the Sagamore's arm and led the way from the house. When they were out of hearing he explained:

"I caught a look in Smith's eyes that startled me. I remembered what Mary had told me, that he was often absent. I want to watch him."

They took a position behind bushes at the edge of the woods. From this concealed position, they could watch the farmhouse and its surroundings.

Presently, the imbecile farmer shambled slowly from the house. He groped in a slow uncertain way, like a man in a thick fog.

The writer has been in the same condition. I felt my brain move, turn, writhe inside of my head. All things around me moved, turned, changed into bewildering chaos.

As Washington watched this most unfortunate imbecile, his kind heart overflowed with deep pity. "Oh my God, what shall I do?" he exclaimed. "Shall I free this long imprisoned mind?"

The imbecile shambled into a dell. When he was at the bottom, they could not see him.

A moment or two later, a stranger came from this dell. His movements indicated great strength and activity. His face expressed stern determination. In his right hand, he held a sharp knife.

He strode toward the forest, swiftly.

Involuntarily the young watchers shrank into the bushes. The stranger's glowing eyes seemed to penetrate the thickets, to read the secrets of the woods.

When the stranger had passed, Washington said, thoughtfully: "That was a fearful man. He made me think of these words in the Bible; 'Behold, he goeth forth in his strength to avenge the blood of the innocent.'"

"We have seen the Evil Spirit, without any disguise," said the Sagamore, with a shudder. "In the dell, we shall find Smith's body, with the fearful death mark on his forehead."

They ran to the dell. They did not find Smith's body.

"The Evil Spirit has hidden the body," said the Sagamore.

"We will follow the Evil Spirit," said Washington.

"We can not follow him," replied the Sagamore. "We shall lose the trail, as we have lost it so many times before."

Presently, they did lose the trail.

"The avenger's trail went straight toward the Flume," said Washington. "We will go there."

They hurried to the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. They found nothing suspicious.

When they came out, Washington stood still and said: "I think I can smell a very faint odor of burning charcoal."

"I think I saw a faint smoke come over the top of the cliff," replied the Sagamore.

Washington looked at the overhanging and inaccessible cliff and suggested: "There may be hunters on the other side."

"There is no other side," replied the Sagamore.

These young men stood on the threshold of the mystery of the mountains. They had seen the key that would open the wonderful door. But they did not know it. The time to disclose had not yet come.

The writer is a very old man. With every added year, I see more clearly that the hidden hand of God controls the destines of men. The greatest armies of the world, the grandest powers of men disintegate and, like the baseless fabric of a summer's dream, leave naught but memory.

In his good time, the heart of this great mountain shall be opened and all its strange secrets shall become as clear as the noon day sun.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHITE BROTHER AND RED BROTHER AND BLACK BROTHER"

In the bright morning of another day, Washington and the Sagamore strode swiftly through the great green woods. They were on their way to the Indian village of Pequaket, now Conway.

As they walked, the Sagamore said: "White Brother, I will tell you about our Black Medicine Man. He has great influence with our tribe. He may cause a change in our plans."

Washington looked at his red brother in a surprised way. But he did not speak his thoughts.

Who was this Black Medicine Man? Why was he more powerful than the Sagamore? How had he become the real ruler of the White Mountain Indians?

"In the reign of my father, a black man came to our village," continued the Sagamore. "I never saw any other man like him. He was not white like a Paleface, or red like an Indian, but black like the sky in a storm. He did not have hair on his head, but he had wool like the black sheep of the Palefaces."

"Perhaps he was painted and disguised," suggested Washington.

"My father was wise," replied the Sagamore. "He looked at the trail of the black man. He did not walk with his feet turned out like a Paleface, or turned in like an Indian, but with his feet straight. He was not like any other man."

"Where I live, there are many people with black skins and wooly hair," said Washington. "They walk with their feet straight. We call them negroes."

"This Black Medicine Man is the only negro I have ever seen," said the Sagamore. "I do remember now that I learned about negroes at the Paleface school. But I did not learn that negroes had black wool on their heads and walked with their feet straight."

"I reckon they forgot to put that in the geography," laughed Washington.

"The negro told my father that the Great Spirit had sent him to teach his chosen people, the Pequakets," continued the Sagamore. "He said he would teach us how to become wiser than the Palefaces, how to become more powerful than the Palefaces, how to drive the Palefaces from our land forever.

"But my father hesitated. He was old. He did not want a war with the Palefaces.

"While my father hesitated, our old Medicine Man interfered. He had been our Medicine Man for many years. He was wise and good. He did his best to teach us the right way.

"The old Medicine Man declared that the negro talked with a crooked tongue, that the Evil Spirit had sent him to lure us into a death trap and that we should burn this false guide at the stake, with sacred fire, to drive away the Evil Spirit.

"The negro laughed. He said the Great Spirit had not only sent him to us, but had also given him great power over other men.

"In the holy name of the Great Spirit, the negro commanded my father to summons the Grand Council of all the warriors of the White Mountain tribes. He declared that the old Medicine Man and himself, as the new Medicine Man, should appear before the Grand Council and smoke the peace pipe of obedience to the will of the Great Spirit. When they had smoked, the Great Spirit would announce his will to the Grand Council."

"This was a bold and a most unique scheme," said Washington, with great interest. "What was the result?"

"The Grand Council assembled," replied the Sagamore.

"The red Medicine Man and the black Medicine Man appeared before the Grand Council and smoked the peace pipe of obedience to the will of the Great Spirit.

"As they smoked, the invisible hand of the Great Spirit descended upon the red Medicine Man and forced him down flat on the ground. He became insane. He ran round on all fours, like a dog, barking and snapping at the terrified warriors.

"Then he ran into the woods, yelping like a scared dog. We have not seen him since."

"This is the most extraordinary incident I ever heard of," exclaimed Washington. "In it I catch a glimpse of the hidden hand of God. All may yet be well."

The Sagamore did not understand the last two sentences. But he continued: "The Great Spirit had announced his will clearly. The negro became the Medicine Man of the Pequakets.

"As my father grew older, his mind became more and more like the mind of a child. I was away, in a Paleface school, at Ossipee.

"I was called back by the death of my father. I soon discovered that the black Medicine Man had acquired great influence over the warriors of the White Mountain tribes.

"He has used me well, so far. He has not openly opposed my plans. But I feel strongly that he, not I, is the real master of the White Mountain tribes. I had gone out alone into the forest to consider my peculiar situation, when you first saw me and saved my life."

"Red Brother, I thank you for this frank statement of your affairs," said Washington. "I now understand these matters clearly and I know

just what to do. I have a premonition that the Hidden Hand may lead us on to something still more startling."

In due course, they arrived at Pequaket. At this time, Pequaket was the most powerful Indian village in New England.

In the usual way, the Sagamore called a council of his red warriors. In the usual way, they gravely seated themselves in a circle around the sacred council fire.

The Sagamore took his usual position inside of this circle of red warrors. He sat on the large trunk of a fallen oak, with his back toward the sacred fire. Washington sat on the same trunk, at the left side of the Sagamore.

There was a period of impressive silence. This period prepared the minds of the members of this Indian council to consider more clearly the important affairs that might be presented.

At the end of this period, the Sagamore took a large pipe from his belt. He filled the large bowl with prepared tobacco and lighted it with a live coal from the sacred council fire.

In a slow, impressive manner, the Sagamore drew three whiffs of the fragrant tobacco smoke through the long, straight stem. Then he passed the pipe to the warrior who was next to him in rank.

This warrior drew three whiffs in the same slow, impressive manner. Then he passed the pipe to the next warrior. So the pipe passed on slowly until every member of this grave council had smoked, as a symbol of peace and good will.

During this impressive ceremony, the black Medicine Man appeared. He sat down on the trunk of the oak at the right side of the Sagamore. He thus placed himself as next in rank to the Sagamore. He had timed his arrival so craftily that he did not smoke the pipe of peace and good will.

This preliminary smoke was followed by another impressive period of silence. Then the Sagamore and Washington arose and stood before the Grand Council.

The Sagamore introduced Washington, with a few well chosen words. He told the council how Washington had saved the life of their Sagamore and had become his friend and his brother.

The Sagamore and Washington resumed their seats. After a period of respectful silence, the black Medicine Man arose and addressed the council. He said, in substance:

"As Medicine Man of the Pequakets and second in tribal rank, I heartily welcome my white brother. We will form a holy brotherhood. We will be white brother and red brother and black brother. To cement more closely the sacred bonds of this holy brotherhood, we will smoke together the peace pipe of implicit obedience to the holy will of the Great Spirit."

The black Medicine Man resumed his seat at the right side of the Sagamore on the trunk of the fallen oak that the lightning of heaven had blasted.

When the Sagamore heard the fateful words of the Black Medicine Man's last sentence, he started from his seat. But Washington touched his arm and whispered:

"Let him carry out his plan. The hidden hand of God is at work to right many wrongs."

The "Black Brother" drew three small pipes from his girdle. These pipes were exactly alike.

In a slow, impressive manner, he filled the bowls of these pipes from the tobacco pouch at his girdle.

Washington's eyes glowed like burnished steel. His face was like a mask.

The black brother arose. In the

same slow, impressive manner, he handed one of these pipes to the Sagamore, another to Washington and retained the third.

The three members of this most unique brotherhood went, in a slow, impressive manner, to the sacred council fire and bent over it to light their pipes. At this moment, a strong voice shouted, from the thick bushes, a short distance away:

"The Pequaket warriors are dogs and sons of dogs. The warriors of Saint Francis spit on these dogs."

For generations there had been bitter and bloody feuds between the Indians of the White Mountains and those farther north. Almost every acre of the great forests of pine and spruce north of these mountains had been the scene of merciless and bloody encounters. This region was literally the dark and bloody ground of New England.

Evidently, the warriors of St. Francis, one of the nearest of these northern tribes, had come into the very heart of the great Indian village of Pequaket. They had shouted the most insulting taunts at the Grand Council of the White Mountain tribes. This was the greatest insult in all Indian history.

In the twinkling of an eye, the slow, impressive Indian council was transformed into wildest pandemonium. The excited warriors shouted back all the bad, mad words they trollable rage. They danced and shouted and screamed with uncontrolable rage. They shook and waved their fearful weapons of death until all the air was filled with a wild storm of whirling tomahawks and waving, gleaming knives.

Yelling with all their might, "as though every fiend from Heaven that fell was pealing the banner cry of Hell," they bounded into the bushes upon the insulting warriors of St. Francis.

The pandemonium ceased. There was a silence, like the awesome silence of the dead. The red warriors stood still in their tracks in speechless amazement. Their fearful weapons of death were as fixed and motionless as though their arms had been turned to stone.

There were no St. Francis Indians in those bushes. There were no indications whatever that any Indians had been in those bushes.

The Sagamore was the first to break this awesome silence. "The Evil Spirit has deceived the mighty warriors of Pequaket," he cried. "we will go back to our places in the Grand Council. We will open our hearts to the Great Spirit, so he can come in and drive away the Evil One."

Slowly the mighty warriors of Pequaket went back to their places, like men in a dream. This strange affair was beyond their ken. Their nerves were not in a good condition for a greater sensation.

When the strong voice shouted from the bushes, the Sagamore and the black Medicine Man dropped their pipes. They were among the first who bounded into the bushes.

Washington had quietly resumed his seat on the log, pipe in hand. He was a white man and these savage Indian feuds did not excite him.

The Sagamore and the black Medicine Man returned. They picked up their fallen pipes. Washington joined them. The three brothers lighted their pipes at the sacred council fire.

They resumed their seats on the trunk of the fallen oak. With slow, impressive whiffs, they smoked before the Grand Council and before the Great Spirit.

The large, dark eyes of the black Medicine Man glowed like living coals of fire, as he closely watched the face of Washington. But Washington's countenance was as calm and unchanging as the great stone Profile, the God of a prehistoric people, who has kept faithful

watch and ward over these mighty mountains for so many centuries.

An expression of indescribable terror appeared on the face of the black Medicine Man. He tried to rise to his feet. "But the invisible hand of the Great Spirit descended upon him and forced him down slowly."

The strong man made the most powerful and painful efforts to rise, to resist. But the invisible hand forced him steadily lower and lower until he laid on the ground, writhing and groveling like a worm in the dust.

Under this awesome strain, his mind gave way. He became insane. He ran round on all fours like a dog, barking and snapping at the members of the council.

In this deranged mind there may have been a dim consciousness that Washington was, in some way, the cause of these woes. Growling fearfully, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog, the human dog bounded straight for Washington's throat.

Washington leaped swiftly to one side. With a movement as swift as the flash of the lightning, his right hand tore the negro wig from the head of the black Medicine Man.

On this exposed head, there was the peculiar scar of a fearful wound. Washington had examined this fearful wound too carefully to make any mistake.

The powerful black Medicine Man of the Pequaket Indians, the real master of the great White Mountain tribes, was the poor, pitiful imbecile, Joseph C. Smith, the unfortunate farmer, who lived in the strange habitation in the heart of the desolate Flume. Truly, fact is stranger than fiction.

DIRGE

By Harold Vinal

For you the long, grey road,
  Under the quiet sky;
For me, the thronging street,
  Until I die.

For you undaunted years,
  With soul at rest;
For me, the tumult
  Of an aching breast.

THE LATE JAMES SCHOULER, L.L. D.

By Ellen M. Mason.

Dr. James Schouler died at Memorial Hosptal, North Conway, on Friday afternoon the sixteenth of April. He had come up from Boston on the 31st of March and was present at the Easter service in Christ Church rectory chapel—the Rev. F. C. Cowper of Sanbornville, clergyman for the day. Dr. Schouler was 81 years old on the 20th of March and for a long time had been sensible of failing strength, sometimes saying that his hold on life was "of the slightest." It is pleasant to think that his last Easter Sunday was passed here in the mountain home he has loved so long, and that he said his last prayers of christian fellowship in the place that has been dear to him for nearly a half century.

Dr. Schouler was perhaps the most eminent member of an eminent Massachusetts family; William Schouler, Adjutant General of Massachusetts during the Civil War, was his father, and the late Admiral John Schouler was his brother, the Rev. William Schouler of Baltimore, being also a brother. Mrs. N. G. Allen of Cambridge, the mother of Glover M. Allen, the naturalist, is a sister.

It was at first intended that James Schouler should serve in public life. He was graduated from Harvard in 1859 and subsequently admitted to the bar, but his hearing was destroyed during his service in the Civil War—in which he served with the rank of colonel—ruining his bright prospects of a diplomatic career, and he turned to authorship; to authorship, in the main, though he was appointed lecturer in the Boston University Law School and in the National Law School, Washington, D. C. He was also lecturer on American Constitutional History, in John Hopkins University. He was a distinguished scholar in the law, and encyclopedias mention several of his works, as standard law books. But it was in the field of history that James Schouler reaped his greatest literary harvest; of Schouler's History of The United States, in seven volumes, George Bancroft said it was the best history of the American people, extant.

But it is Dr. Schouler's life at Intervale for many years, that is of interest to his neighbors and fellow citizens. Nearly fifty years ago he built his beautiful little house at the side of the westward sloping field, bordered and grouped with handsome trees, the first house of those comprising the summer colony—excepting the Bigelow mansion which was built years before others made summer homes in the neighborhood.

"Kilbarchan," James Schouler sometimes called his pretty place, in loyal memory of the place in Scotland, where his father was born, and at his lovely home Dr. Schouler and lovely Emily Fuller Schouler, his wife, lived happy united lives. Mrs. Schouler died more than a score of years ago, and her husband cherished her in loving recollection to the last day of his earthly life.

To Dr. Schouler there were two darling institutions here, to which he gave continual thought, and took unceasing pains for their welfare—Christ Church parish, and the North Conway Public Library.

Senior warden of Christ Church for many years, he has been the largest contributor to its support, and has managed the affairs of the parish; Mrs. Schouler and he pre-

sented the fine pipe organ to Christ Church. Unfailing in attendance at Sunday morning services there, and at Grace Chapel in the afternoon, he was an example for others. He was a lay-reader and often used to take charge of the service at Grace Chapel; the writer recalls a course of talks he gave there, not so very long ago, on the petitions of The Lord's Prayer; his interpretations seemed reasonable and were consoling and memorable. He was a humble, simple hearted Christian who remained steadfast in religious thought, to the faith of his boyhood.

He presented the North Conway Public Library Association with the Library lot, and paid for the construction of the main building of which he said at its presentation, "I have given this building as a memoral of my wife, Emily Fuller Schouler."

He was generous in paying for the support of the library through all the long day of small things before the bountiful George S. Walker bequest became available. It was not only money that Dr. Schouler gave, but for more than a quarter of a century—always after the forming of the Library Association in 1887, it was his habit to work most summer afternoons in planning and bettering the working arrangements of the library; the most intense heat nor the most pouring rain could not keep him from the rather long walk, nor fulfilling work planned for the library. If we needed to get up a "benefit" for the library—in the old days when the "Library Concert" was the great event of the August "height of the season," Dr. Schouler used to work as hard as anyone for its success and sell tickets with the best. He was chosen the first member of the board of library directors in 1887, and in 1900 became president of the Library Association, on the resignation of the first president, the late Mr. Nathan W. Pease, serving as president until 1917 when he was succeeded by Mrs. Helen B. Merriman.

Thinking of the days of the beginnings of the Public Library, recalls a witticism of Dr. Schouler's, too characteristic not to be set down here. In those days Miss Hannah Seavey owned a small circulating library whose books had a wide circulation; the grocery places were not then what they are now in the matter of carrying "a full assortment," and to help out—in a two-sided way—Miss Seavey sold yeast cakes at her library; but it might often happen that she would be "all sold out" and there would be sour disappointment added to unleavened bread. Dr. Schouler had been of the disappointed ones. Well, Miss Seavey felt aggrieved that a public library was to be established, when here was hers—dividing the patronage and halving the profits! so, as her sentiments were well known, it was thought best to offer to buy her books for the new public library. The Rev. Perry Chandler (at that time pastor of the North Conway Methodist church) and the present writer were chosen a committee to effect the sale, if possible, with Miss Seavey. But she met our proposition with an injured sorrowfulness, and solemnly declined to even consider it; when we reported that we could do nothing, Dr. Schouler said she showed she had the spirit of the unconquerable though downtrodden, and her slogan would be "resurgam!" And it might be added that so it was, and Miss Seavey never let out fewer books because of the new library.

Dr. Schouler's absolute dependableness made him precious to his friends. When he said he would do a thing, to a friend's mind that thing was already done. He was affectionate, eager to do a friend a

service, punctual to a minute to engagements. He has been often sad these last years, frequently saying that the sudden deaths of so many of those dear to him, made him sorrowful. But nevertheless he was of brave cheer even those last days at Intervale—when he was staying at kind Mrs. Chesney's until there came suitable weather for him to go to live in his own house—planning for the welfare of Christ Church, for the coming summer.

Lest what has been written might seem too laudatory it would better be said that our dear Dr. Schouler was exceedingly fond of having his own way; but then we all knew that he thought ten times more about the relative desirableness or objectionableness of debatable ways of doing things, than any of the rest of us, and consequently that he would have better judgment. And this nearly always proved true; so if he were a tyrant, he was a good tyrant. After all, paternalism has its excellences!

When James Schouler first came to live here, he was a remarkably handsome man; his head and face, especially of striking beauty, like those of a poet.

The future becomes the present, and the words of a resolution passed at the annual Public Library meeting—on the occasion of accepting Dr. Schouler's gift of the "simple stone building"—in June, 1912, come irresistibly to remembrance: * * * * "For many years, through his active work and unwearying interest in establishing the permanence of this institution, he has proved his good will toward the people of this region. By his latest beneficence he has endowed future dwellers in this valley, as well as those who are his contemporaries."

"As the years come and go, he must be remembered here with the honor due one whose life and work are a benefit and blessing to the place upon which he confers honor by living in it."

SHADOWS

By Amy J. Dolloff

The shadows lengthen on the sun-kissed meadow—
The day goes by.
Softly the brook intones a tender requiem—
For night is nigh.
Tall grasses gently wave their plumes in mourning—
The darkness creeps.
From damp wood-depths a weird thrush-note is wafted—
A tired world sleeps.

The shadows lengthen on life's radiant highway—
The swift hours flee.
To burdened ones the welcome call is given—
"Time ends for thee."
Loved ones encircle as the night shades deepen—
Bright glows the West.
Welcoming songs float from the heavenly home-land
The weary rest.

THE OLDEST ORGAN IN THE UNITED STATES

By Charles Nevers Holmes.

The oldest church organ in the United States—indeed, the oldest church organ in America—is still in existence. Not only is it in existence but it is still used on some occasions. Of course its music is not as pronounced and grand as that of a modern church organ, but, nevertheless, its voice is sweet and agreeable, although somewhat feeble. How interesting and delightful it would be to hear this old time organ playing softly and simply that inspiring hymn of Oliver Holden's, "Coronation,"—

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

This oldest church organ in the United States has had three homes during its musical lifetime, in Boston, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, N. H. It was imported into Boston from England by a certain Thomas Brattle, one of the founders of the old Brattle Street Church in that town, a gentleman of wealth and influence. Mr. Brattle was a man of highest character, greatly respected, the chief objection to him among his brother Congregationalists being that he was too liberal in religious matters. He was a sincere lover of music, so much so that, around the year 1711, he imported from London the famous organ, known as the "Brattle Organ." Mr. Brattle did not live very long to enjoy his new organ, for he died two years later, and he had bequeathed this organ to the Brattle Street Church. A clause in his will, referring to it, reads as follows: "I give, dedicate and devote my organ to the praise and glory of God in the said Brattle Street Church, if they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease procure a sober person who can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise; otherwise to the Church of England (King's Chapel) in this town, on the same terms and conditions, and on their non-acceptance or discontinuance to use it as above, unto the college (Harvard), and in their non-acceptance to my nephew, William Brattle."

Now, organs were not popular in New England, particularly the idea of using them in divine service. Indeed, the famous minister, Dr. Cotton Mather, doubted very strongly, "Whether such music may be lawfully introduced in the worship of God in the churches of the New Testament." He went even as far as to say, "If we admit instrumental music in the worship of God, how can we resist the imposition of all the instruments used among the ancient Jews? Yea, dancing as well as playing and several other Judaic actions." And Dr. Samuel Sewall, a milder Puritanical type than Dr. Mather, wrote respecting the use of the organ in churches, "The next Sabbath day after the Coronation I heard a service at St. Mary's. I am a lover of music to a fault, yet I was uneasy there; and the justling out of the Institution of Singing Psalms, by the boisterous Organ, is that which can never be justified before the great Master of Religious Ceremonies."

Considering this general unpopularity of the organ in New England, it was hardly to be expected that the members of the Brattle Street Church would accept Mr. Brattle's bequest. Accordingly, they voted, with "all possible respect to the memory of our de-

ceased friend and benefactor," that they did not think it was proper to use this organ in the public worship of God. However, with the passing of time, the future members of that church changed their opinion about the use of an organ in divine services, for in 1790 they ordered an organ built in London. Nevertheless, this change of opinion was not unanimous, one of the leading members of the Brattle Street Church offering not only to reimburse the church for the organ's purchase but also to contribute a sum of money to the poor, provided the "unhallowed instrument" were thrown into Boston Harbor.

However, King's Chapel was not as prejudiced against this musical bequest as was the Brattle Street Church, and the members of the former church wrote in their records that "At a meeting of the Gentlemen of the Church this 3rd day of August, 1713, Referring to the organs given by Thomas Brattle, Esq., De'as'd, Voted, that the organs be accepted by the church." But, although the Brattle Organ was thus accepted by the members of King's Chapel, such was the unpopularity of organ worship in Boston that the instrument remained seven months on the Chapel's porch before it was taken into the church. And when the organ was set up within the Chapel, this action was bitterly denounced by Dr. Mather and other influential citizens in the town of Boston.

The first organist to play upon the Brattle Organ in King's Chapel was a certain Mr. Price, but the members of the Chapel were ambitious enough to send to England for a more skilled musician. As a result, an agreement was drawn up with Edward Instone of London. A part of this agreement reads as follows: "That the said Edward shall and will by or before the 25th day of October next issuing, wind and weather permitting, be in Boston in North America aforesaid and being there shall and will at all proper and usual times of Divine service officiate as organist of the said chappel for and during the space of three years certain, to be computed from the day that the said Edward Instone shall arrive at Boston aforesaid. In consideration of which voyage so to be performed by the said Edward Instone, he, the said Jno. Redknap (who engaged the organist) hath this day paid unto ye said Edward Instone the sum of £10 of lawful money of Great Britain." It was also agreed by the wardens and vestrymen of King's Chapel to "pay or cause to be paid unto the said Edward Instone the sum of £7 10s. per Quarter immediately after each Quarter day, current money, for every Quarter of a year that the said Edward Instone shall officiate as organist in ye Chappel."

This second organist to play upon the Brattle Organ in King's Chapel embarked from London for Boston in 1714, and reached Boston in safety, with a collection of not only sacred but also secular music. It is very evident that Mr. Instone was most satisfactory to the attendants at King's Chapel, for its members, at the termination of his three years' contract, reengaged him at the same salary, £7 10s. per quarter. However, as time passed, the worshipers at the Chapel became discontented with their first organ, and imported another one from England, for which they paid £500. Accordingly, in 1756, they sold the Brattle Organ to St. Paul's Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where it remained until the year 1836. In that year it was removed to St. John's Chapel in Portsmouth, N. H., having been purchased by Dr.

Burroughs for $400. And in St. John's Chapel the Brattle Organ is today, still in active musical service despite its venerable age.

Its appearance is unique and attractive. It has a height of about eight feet, a width of five feet, and a depth of about three feet. Its sides are panelled, and in front there are seventeen gilded wooden pipes, eleven being in the center and three pipes upon either side. Its keyboard trimmings are made of rosewood, and the wind chest, slides, valves, and top boards are of English oak. The organ possesses six registers: sesquialter bass, dulciana, fifteenth bass, fifteen treble, stopped diapason and principal. Above the organ, upon the wall, there are inscribed the familiar and appropriate words: "Sing praises to our God."

Such are the appearance and history of the oldest church organ in the United States—in America. It has already dwelt in New England for more than two centuries, and there can be little doubt, unless fire or other disaster overtakes it, that it will dwell in the United States for centuries to come. And what changes have taken place since its arrival here, during the reign of Queen Anne of England! The Brattle Organ was brought to America about the time that Isaac Watts was writing some of his grandest hymns, and its sweet and agreeable music had been heard in America when Charles Wesley wrote "Jesus, lover of my soul," Toplady, "Rock of Ages," Newton, "Safely through another week," Edmeston, "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light," and Lyte, "Abide with me."

THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER

By Ruth Bassett Eddy

Within the sacred stillness of the church,
Oh, God, I came to Thee
To offer up my prayer on bended knees,
Feeling Thy heart was near to take me in.
But on my lips the whispered words grew still;
A strange, sweet peace from out the silence came,
As if Thy hands were resting on my head
In benediction for the blessing sought.
There was no need to pray.
And I came forth into the world again
Bearing the light before me like a torch
That Thou hadst set aflame within my soul
Thro' that unspoken prayer.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST FRIENDLY TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

NO. 5.

THE WILLOW.

Residents of New Hampshire can in July think most longingly of but one tree as standing pre-eminent above all our tree friends—it is the graceful willow. The willow is the tree of romance, poetry, songs and love; the grace it personifies is that of constancy.

It grows by the lakes, streams, brooks, spreading its long shoots in friendly shade over the waters keeping them cool in the hot July day, and inviting us for a swim, a restful hour, or the joys of fishing.

The old Latin poets, and the Greek as well, and the later English writers make frequent mention of the willow in their lays.

As a boy I loved to go up to the brook and play in the water under the willows and how many a New Hampshire lad has had the same experience; it is the most attractive place in the world on a hot July day, to get out there on the stream's bank, or to wade in the cool waters beneath.

Beneath the friendly willow I as a little boy chased the turtles and frogs, caught the polly-wogs and fish.

No tree brings before us the whole picture of rural beauty and joy on a warm summer day as does the willow; small wonder that writers of fiction make it the favorite place of retreat for youthful lovers.

The move of the wind thru the willows always has a soft sound, delicate and appealing. From its branches we hear the plaintive cry of the cat-bird, the plaintive note of the phoebe, or the sweet chirp of the summer yellow bird.

Many a man shut in the hot stuffy office on the hot days in July turns in thought to the willows by the bank of some favorite swimming hole back there in his boyhood and sighs for another visit. Two years ago when I was spending my summer days in the Constitutional Convention at Boston, I each day stopped beneath the willows along the road over the Great Meadows as we came from Exeter, and hitching the pony I threw off my heated garments and plunged into Great Brook with a scream of delight; a brief swim and I climbed the bank, refreshed, cooled, and ready to enjoy the hours till bed-time. Panting with heat and dust on a hot July day one will find the shade of the willow by a stream of water the best spot this side of heaven—yes, I doubt if heaven can be any better place.

Both the Weeping-Willow and the common yellow willow were originally brought to America from the sunny slopes of Europe I understand, and I doubt if Europe ever gave us a greater gift. From the first gathering of the pussy willows in spring, early fishing with the willow pole, making of whistles from its stock, the willow is a great friend of the New Hampshire boy, but in the vacation month of July it is a friend to young and old.

The willow stump is so tenacious of life that the tree tells of the virtue of constancy—it never fails us, is always our friend; even when men want to kill it the tree returns good for evil and persistently lifts a brave head and shows a forgiving spirit. The old Hebrew poet speaks of his retreat for religious meditation beneath the willow, and its splendid shade on a cool, fresh bank, invites one to the highest mood of thought and ideal.

EDITORIAL

improving the quality of the livestock in their section and have done more than their share for better roads and other improvements.

We believe that the summer home, summer hotel and summer tourist business in New Hampshire has a great future and one whose development will be profitable for the state, not only financially, but in other ways. While there is no way to prove it mathematically, we believe that the liberal policy of the legislature and state government as to good roads has been a decided benefit to the commonwealth from a direct money stand-point, as well as in various indirect ways. We believe that the all-year resident who votes in town meeting for highway and other appropriations which the summer folks need and ask for, does not in the end harm his pocketbook in the least thereby.

In fact we are firm in the belief that all that is needed to solve the problem of the summer folks, if any such problem exists, is to bring about a better understanding between the all year residents and those who come among us for vacation time alone. The object on our part should be to make them consider their New Hampshire farms and cottages as their real homes. The object on their part should be to make us welcome their coming and regret their departure. The common object of both should be to make New Hampshire a better state in which to live, whether for one month or twelve. There are among our summer folks many men and women who can accomplish a great deal to that end and who thus constitute a resource of the state but little drawn upon thus far.

The summer folks are with us again and we are glad to see them. They present an economic problem, it is true, but they also present the state of New Hampshire with several million dollars a year, for value received, and it seems that we ought to be able to solve the problem in order to continue and increase this convenient amount of circulating cash.

The problem involved is the extent to which these summer folks of ours are responsible for the depopulation of our rural districts, the decrease in cultivated land and in livestock, and the consequent scarcity of farm products. The counts against them on this ground are two: That they buy good farms and make them into summer estates occupied for only a few months each year, and, if carried on at all as agricultural enterprises subject to the evils of absentee ownership; and, second, that the temporary display in the country of city won prosperity causes envy, jealousy and dissatisfaction among the year-round farm people and in the end sends them city-ward themselves.

We never have been deeply impressed with the seriousness of these complaints against our summer people. A large majority of their country homes, chosen for scenic rather than utilitarian purposes, occupy land of little value for agricultural purposes and add tremendously to the valuation of towns that otherwise would have comparatively little taxable property. And in not a few cases where good farms have passed into the hands of wealthy city men, the latter not only have kept up the productivity of the land, but have increased it, have led the way in

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE REAL DIARY OF THE WORST FARMER. By Henry A. Shute. Illustrated. Pp. 277. Cloth, $1.75. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The genial humor of Judge Henry A. Shute of Exeter is at its best in his latest book, "The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer," the title capitalizing the fame of the Judge's immortal "Real Diary of a Real Boy" and continuing the form and spirit of that classic very successfully. There is nothing esoteric about Judge Shute's humor. Its appeal is universal. At the same time he is no disciple of Rabelais. Any one of his books can be read aloud with safety in the family circle, provided a reader can be found who is himself sufficently chuckle and laughter proof. The adventures of an amateur agriculturist already have provided the author with material for one book of good fun, "Farming It," and the present "diary" continues to work the same vein of humor with continued success. Those of us who live in the same latitude with the Judge and under approximately the same conditions think that we have the best appreciation of the pictures which he draws, but it is not necessary to have sifted ashes, made a garden or chased a pig to get good cheer from his descriptions of these and other homely activities in semi-rural New Hampshire.

SAILOR GIRL. By Frederick F. Moore Pp. 378. Cloth, $1.75. New York. D. Appleton and Co.

Mr. Moore tells, apparently with the greatest of ease, story after story of life in the China Seas, all different, but every one filled to the brim with adventure. It is a colorful country to which he seems to have acquired the fiction rights, over there around the globe, and he makes the most of its possibilities for thrills. "Sailor Girl" is the story of a young heiress who goes from San Francisco over to Manilla to find out for herself why the line of Pacific steamers which she owns is not paying better. Pirates and pearls figure largely in the answer which she finally gets and her adventures end, as all good stories should, with a kiss.

PERFECTION

By Fred Myron Colby

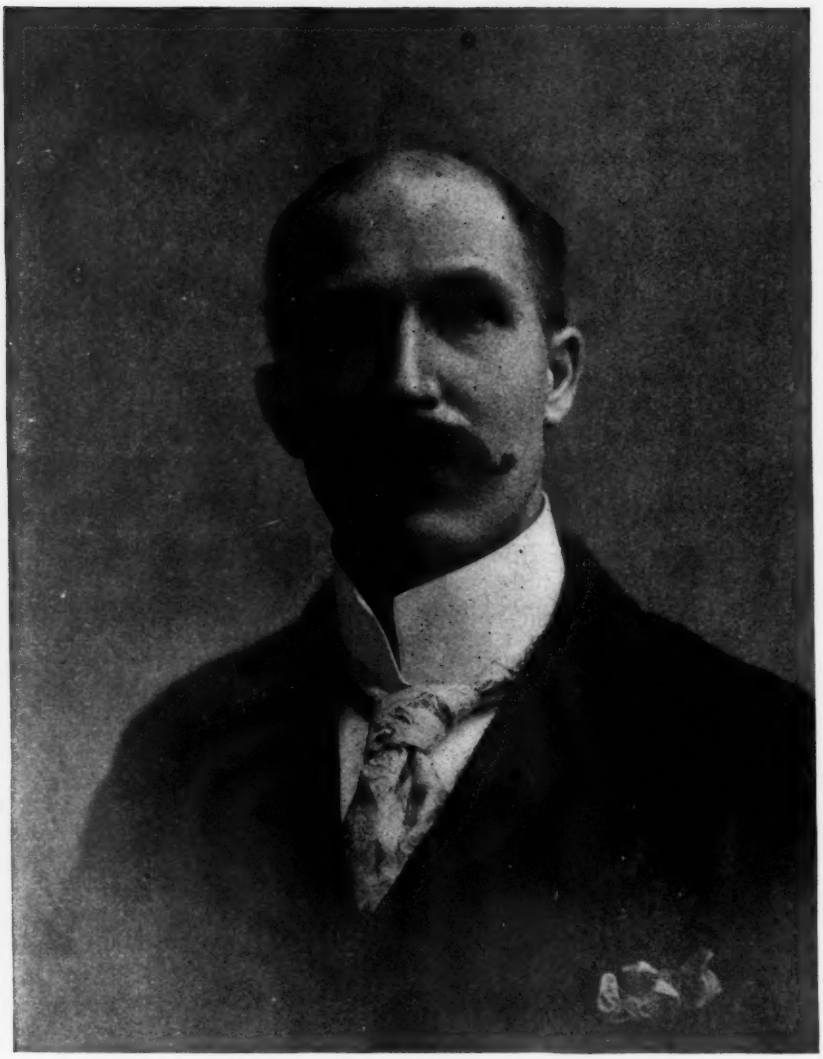
I heard the song of a singer,
  As he held a crowd entranced;
And the music of his measures
  The joy of my life enhanced.
But in the heart of the singer
  Was a sweeter song unsung;
A song no mortal can meter,
  It gladdens an angel's tongue.

I saw a wonderful painting
  That a famous artist wrought—
A dream, a marvelous vision,
  Which gladdened my inmost thought.
But well I knew that the painter
  Had dreamed in his hours of ease
Of visions of fairer beauty
  Than any his brush could seize.

I inhaled a rose's perfume,
  It wooed me with Circean wiles—
The glamour of Eden's beauty
  And odors from spicy isles.
But the sweetest rose that ever
  Enchanted our breath and eyes
Blooms never in earthly gardens,
  'Tis the growth of Paradise.

I won the praise of my fellows,
  And my heart was lifted high;
It was sweet to know, after toiling,
  That the world had not passed me by.
But the joys of earth are briefer
  Than the sunset's dying gleam,
And only the sweet Hereafter
  Shall bring to us what we dream.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



Frederick Myron Colby.

Frederick Myron Colby, one of the most popular and prolific authors of both prose and poetry in the literary history of New Hampshire, died at his home in Warner, May 19.

He was born in the town which was his life long home, December 9, 1848, the son of Levi O. and Mary (Durrell) Colby; in the eighth generation from Anthony Colby, who came from Norfolk County,

England, with Rev. John Winthrop's colony in 1630.

He was educated at the Warner High School and at Colby Academy, New London, and in Concord, and in young manhood was a successful teacher. His natural inclination soon led him into the field of literary work, but he never lost his interest in education, and for a number of years served on the Warner board of education.

He also was superintendent of the local high school, 1910-15, and was a trustee of the Pillsbury Free Library at the time of his death and for many years previous. Other offices which he held at various times were those of town treasurer and postmaster.

The winter of 1875-6 Mr. Colby spent in Washington as correspondent from the national capital for a number of papers, and the interest in politics then engendered never left him. He had been a member of the Democratic state committee for 30 years and usually was the delegate from his town to the state convention of the party. Repeatedly he was the Democratic nominee for various offices from those of the town to that of Member of Congress, which latter honor was given him in 1908.

Mr. Colby's business, which he carried on successfully until within a year, was that of undertaker and embalmer, and for three years he was secretary of the New Hampshire Embalmers' Association. During his later years he transacted a large amount of probate and other legal business for his fellow townsmen and was so efficient in these matters as to do away with the need for an attorney in Warner.

But the greater amount of Mr. Colby's time, from youth to his last sickness, was devoted, with both pleasure and profit, to literature. His first published work, a story "The Pioneers of New Kentucky," was issued by R. M. DeWitt of New York in 1872, and for almost half a century, now, his pen and typewriter have been continuously busy with works of fiction, of history and of biography; with beautiful poetry in all the verse forms; with delightfully sympathetic studies of nature and the out of doors.

The list of his published works is a long one, while his contributions to the periodical and newspaper press are beyond number. Since the first year of the Granite Monthly's existence, 1878, he has been its one most frequent contributor, the table of contents of every volume containing his name several times.

In many instances Mr. Colby's verses are eloquently expressive of his deeper nature, as in these lines on "Success":

Success will come to him who toils
And thinks, and cares not for the fame
He wins. The homage of an hour
Is vain; not so a worthy name.

Then let us courage take, anew
Gird up our loins for battle strife;
Do what we have to do, content
If we but win immortal life.

His religious belief can be seen in the closing paragraph of a beautiful tribute which he made not long ago to the memory of his friend, Charles Eaton of Eaton Grange, Sutton: "My friend, perchance in the flowery meads beyond the deeply flowing river, among the amaranths and asphodels that bloom perennially in that calm retreat, we shall meet again, clasp hands and renew the joys of that friendship which now seems sundered by what men call Death."

On December 25, 1882, Mr. Colby married H. Maria George of Warner, who died March 29, 1910. On June 29, 1915, he married Ella S. Palmer of Warner, who survives him as does one brother, George A. of Los Angeles, Cal., and one sister, Mrs. Mary L. Sandwick of Montana.

Mr Colby was a man of dignified, yet charming personality, a kindly, helpful gentleman who numbered his friends among all classes and was as loyal to the humblest as to the highest. His collection of 4,000 books was a working library, not one for show, and by its assiduous use he had made himself a well educated man and a master of English.

COLONEL SIMON R. MARSTON.

Colonel Simon R. Marston, born in Portsmouth, February 24, 1832, died there May 5. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1855 and became an engineer. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the ranks of Company G, Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and became its first lieutenant. April 3, 1863, he was made major, adjutant and paymaster and at the end of the war was breveted lieutenant colonel. In November, 1864, he safely conveyed $600,000 from St. Louis to Santa Fe., N. M., and it was there that he was discharged from the service and practised his profession until 1880, when he returned to Portsmouth. He was a member of the G. A. R. post in that city. A daughter, Miss Marion Marston, survives him.

ON A LINE IN EMERSON'S NOTE-BOOK

By Fanny Runnells Poole

O rare sweet Spirit of our Northern clime,
Philosopher of our New England breeding,
Not merely product of the elder time!
Many for Riches to their Gods are pleading;
Many who vex high Heav'n for meed of Fame,
Honors of Power and Place, with striving hollow;
But list!—a clarion call, a prayer of flame,
A pledge of all desirable things to follow,—
Give us health and today!

This is the word for Peace: in music's breath
Pass it along unto your groping neighbor,
With his, who cried, smitten by gory death,
"Boys, the command is Forward!".... Where's the labor
Doth not demand full health of body and mind?
Now is the Golden Age for which we're sighing.
Yearn not for time or chance. Go forth to find.
Brother, this message!—glory, wealth, defying,—
Give us health and today!

HON. ARTHUR P. MORRILL